

TO GET KNOWLEDGE

EVERY MAN SHOULD EXERCISE MIND BY THINKING.

Learning Comes Through Our Senses, Which Are to the Mind and Body What Reporter Is to Newspaper.

Whatever knowledge we have we have obtained it in two ways, Thomas Drier writes in the Nautilus. The first is inheritance. The second is acquisition. With that which we obtained from our ancestors we had nothing to do. We are not concerned with the past. We are vitally interested in the present.

All knowledge must be obtained today by one or more of the five senses. Through the avenues of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling and tasting come all our sensations. The quality and number of sensations depend upon the kind of sense organs we have.

The man with weak eyes can never obtain through sight the knowledge obtained by the man with eyes that are strong. The man whose sense of taste has been impaired, say, by indulgence, cannot obtain the sense of satisfaction of the man whose taste is cultivated and trained to report accurately.

Our senses are to the mind and body what reporters are to a great newspaper. Each has a special department. One covers police, another the drama and entertainment, and so on. Each is a specialist. The more efficient, the better trained, the more educated each reporter is in his special department of reporting, the stronger will be the stories and articles he will turn in to his paper.

The strength and power of the paper is but combined strength and power of the work of the reporters.

The truthfulness of the paper is the sum of the truthfulness of reporters.

The new story written by the reporter with weak eyes will lack strength and accuracy just as the eyes of the reporter lacked strength and accuracy. As the matter which is printed in the newspaper is the result of the work of the reporters so is the matter printed on the mind the work of the five senses.

To build the muscles of the body we require wholesome food and proper exercise. No matter how wholesome the food, no matter how much or how little we eat, we cannot have strong, healthy bodies unless we take proper exercise.

So with the mind. No matter how rich the mental food the senses may bring to the mind, no good can be accomplished unless the mind is exercised, is used in serving some purpose, is employed in doing some work.

Let us use our newspaper figure to illustrate. If a newspaper employed the greatest staff of reporters in the world, if each was a master in his line, if each one had no superior anywhere, if each wrote stories and articles that had never been equaled, if the stories sent in were such as to command the interest of the entire city—if these reporters did all and were all things and these articles were printed in the paper in the most attractive typographical manner, and the papers were then stored in a vault in the basement, would that newspaper have any influence, would its circulation grow, would advertisers clamor for space in its columns?

Why Papa Lost Consciousness.

"If you marry him," said her papa, who was exhibiting symptoms of violent displeasure, "I will not only have to support him, but I will have to pay his debts, too."

But the pretty girl and petulant young thing who was hanging to his coat lapels was not moved by the argument.

"Now, papa," she said, "you know well enough that Fred has to live, just the same as other men. And, as to his debts, I've heard you say hundreds of times that a man's debts ought to be paid."

Picked the Wrong Eye.

"What soulful eyes you have!" she said to the innocent youth.

"Have I?" he smilingly asked.

"Yes," she murmured in her gushing way. "Especially the left one. I could look into its liquid depth for hours."

"I might leave it with you over Sunday," said the youth, somewhat bitterly; "it's glass."

A Slight Discrepancy.

"Your theory is that the firing of cannon in battle produces rain?"

"Yes; and I have a long list of battles just to prove it."

"Just a word."

"Well?"

"Some of those battles were fought before cannon were invented."

Just So.

"I see one of our young baseball phenoms is to be sent back to the minors for more seasoning."

"Yes, evidently he lacks pepper."

"But maybe it's another way of saying that he isn't worth his salt."

A Friendly Clock.

"Look and see if the clock is running, dear," said grandma to small Sadie.

"No, it's standing still, grandma," reported Sadie, "but it's wagging its tail."

Kindness.

"Why does Miss Screamditi always close her eyes when she sings?"

"Well, you know she is so tender hearted that she cannot bear to see anyone suffer."

POISONS GET IN FOOD

RESTAURANT KEEPERS SOMETIMES GIVEN SCARES.

Blunders Which Prove Costly to Producers of Eatables and Serious to Customers, Sometimes Resulting in Death.

If the proprietor of a restaurant ever has a nightmare, it is to the effect that some poisonous ingredient has accidentally found its way into a dish and that the papers are full of blood-curdling accounts of the sufferings and death of his clients.

About five years ago nearly a score of people were badly poisoned after dining in the restaurant of a well known West Central hotel in London, and although the source of the poison was never accurately traced—all that was discovered being that it was some form of ptomaine poisoning—yet to this day that restaurant has hardly recovered its former popularity.

More recently a blunder was made in a London fried fish shop. Engine oil was, in some extraordinary fashion, substituted for the cottonseed oil which is commonly used for frying fish. This mistake proved absolutely fatal to the business, and after a time the proprietor was forced to close his doors.

Oddly enough, a very similar incident has just come to light in another large town. On the morning of March 7 last a baker made the alarming discovery that the vegetable oil which he had used in making his fancy bread and pastry overnight had been delivered to him in a barrel which had been previously used for storing kerosene.

The moment he heard of the blunder he rushed off and engaged the services of six doctors and a dozen carts. The carts were sent round the town to retrieve the bad cake, while the doctors gave their services free to any customers who had already partaken of the poisoned food.

Most readers will remember the arsenic-in-beer epidemic of 1902. This was the most extensive poisoning on record in England. It was four months before the authorities realized what the matter was, and by that time there were over a thousand cases in five counties, and 51 deaths had taken place.

The source of all the trouble was a minute quantity of arsenic in the beer supplied by a Manchester brewer. It was no fault of the firm, for analysis of the liquor showed that the arsenic originally came from glucose which had been made with impure sulphuric acid. It was the acid which contained the arsenic.

In the year following the great arsenic poisoning came the oyster scare. There were outbreaks of typhoid fever at Winchester and at Portsmouth. The fever was traced to oysters, and the result was that for some time oysters were almost unsalable. One big oyster firm which had been paying \$750 a week in wages dropped to \$75 a week, and it is reckoned that the oyster merchants throughout the country must have lost at least \$500,000.

Given Under His Hand.

Uncle Luke sometimes had the job of accompanying visitors about one of the South Carolina cotton mills near Columbia. One day the party under his care came to a room where all the employees were men.

"I see you don't employ any women here," said one woman in surprise.

"Deed we ain't, ma'am," answered Luke, proudly. "Mr. Parker done order dat hisself, ma'am—nothin' cep manual labor in dishyer room."—New York Evening Post.

German Dogs Aid to Police.

Since the supreme intelligence of the German shepherd dogs was brought to the notice of the police authorities in Berlin, 1,956 dogs have been attached to the department. Although there are so many of these dogs in Germany it is difficult to purchase a good one and an ordinary and not fully trained dog costs about \$200. There is also a feeling that it is somewhat unpatriotic to sell the best German dogs, since they are of great service to the police and the military.

Blushing Not Lost.

Thus groans a mature and dignified exchange: "Blushing is fast becoming a lost art." That depends. For example, if we were to blush for every dialogue we soon would be a walking case of scarlet fever. As it is, we compromise by blushing part of the time and let the fathers turn over in their graves the balance of the time. But if our esteemed pessimist infers that the crimson signal of confusion or innocence or timidity is burning low in woman, he errs. It's all in the viewpoint. The blush, the badge of refinement, is still current among the rich and poor—and the world is growing better all the while.—Exchange.

A Crying Shame.

Punktown Postmaster—The advance agent of the "Uncle Tom" company told me they wouldn't have to take the road at all, but could show in New York the year 'round, but for one thing.

Farmer Ruby—What's that?

Postmaster—Why, the Gerry society won't let Little Eva act down there.—Puck.

A telephone girl ought to be about the last person in the world to think of telling secrets over the line.

A narrow man is not apt to become widely known.

REPLENISH THE EARTH

EXAMPLES OF OBEDIENCE TO "INCREASE AND MULTIPLY."

Two English Families That Are Able To Boast of Twenty-Nine "Little" Ones—Scotsman Father of Thirty-Six Children.

Recently two extraordinary cases of very numerous offspring in the same family were recorded in the English press, and these attracted great attention at the time. One was that of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Chiswick, who can boast a family of no fewer than 29 "little" ones, though these are by two mothers, the present Mrs. Rogers being the second wife of Mr. Charles of that ilk, who is a well-known builder in the district. The proud father, aged seventy-four, might have been seen carrying his latest infant to his baptism a week or two ago, and Chiswick supporters did due honor to the occasion.

The other case was that of Mr. T. A. Slack of Purley, Surrey, who curiously enough as a coincidence, can also claim to be the father of 29 children; and in this instance the writer believes, too, that Mr. Slack can boast that these "30 save 1" are still all alive. Naturally there have been the usual jokers astray, who got in the old wheeze about "Slack by name but not by nature," though the good-natured and popular man at Purley takes everything in excellent part, and remains naturally very proud of his numerous progeny.

Capital as these examples are, as showing that even in the age of bishops and judges who rail at the decaying birth rate, yet the nation is not wholly going to the dogs in this matter, the instances mentioned do not form anything like a "record" for our country in this fashion.

There was that stalwart Scot hailing from Cromarty, Mr. Thomas Urquhart, who not only knew himself as the father of 36 children, but had the supreme satisfaction of living to see a large number of them gain very high positions and became quite eminent. Of the 36 no fewer than 25 were sons—quite an unusual proportion of the kind.

Sunderland just now seems to be trying to either break the record in another way, or to qualify in decent time for a place amongst the notables already mentioned. For the wife of a small shopkeeper in the Wearside town last month presented her spouse with twins, which would have satisfied most fond parents as the product of one twelve months. However, when it is learned that this same good lady had already borne another set of twins less than a year previously, one may be forgiven for saying that, at the rate of "four a year" to such a youthful couple, the claims of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Slack or even Mr. Urquhart appear in much danger of being soon excelled.

In the annals of "Numerous Children," by Boyle, there is a case given of a Paris lawyer who had no fewer than 45; and history also states of 21 children born at seven births, and all within the astonishingly short space of seven years. What a family this would have been for winning the good graces of the prelate of London, or the former bishop of Ripon!

Of course, the actual "record," so far as authentic history can give it at all, surely belongs to Signora Granta, the wife of an Italian living at Barcelona. This real "mother in Israel" did her duty so nobly to the state that, at the age of sixty she could look round and count something like 49 olive branches who were as delighted as possible to call her "mother."

Signora Granta undoubtedly holds the record still; and our English parents of 29—nay, even the Scottish one of 36—will have a long way to go to overtake it.

Taking Too Much for Granted.

"Say, young man, when you sold me this fountain pen you told me I could carry it upside down in my pocket with perfect safety."

"Well?"

"Well I tried it—and look at this vest, will you?"

"My dear sir, you must have—er—filled that pen before you put it in your pocket. You shouldn't have done that."

A Gentle Hint.

"I was speaking with your father, last night," said the young man.

"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young thing, lowering her eyes. "What were you talking about?"

"About the likelihood of war with Mexico. Your father said if there was a war he hoped it would be short."

"Oh, yes; I know papa is very much opposed to long engagements."

Author's Cellars.

"I hear you have bought a house out at Swamphurst," remarked the friend of the author. "Have you a good cellar?"

"Fine," replied the author. "They tell me it's one of the six best cellars."

Competing Consumers.

"You used to say 'competition is the life of trade.'"

"So it is," replied Mr. Cumrox, "only instead of competing to sell things, the idea now is to corner 'em up and get people competing for a chance to buy."—Washington Star.

WORLD'S QUEER FOLK

MANY OF THEM IN ACTUAL LIFE AND IN BOOKS.

Freaks and Caprices of Nature, Added to Almost Daily, a Source of Wonder and Matter for Study.

We read in the old books catalogued by booksellers as "quaint," books like the "Wonderful Museum," or the "Eccentric Biography," about misers, hermits, gargantuan eaters, strong men, men with horns, women with whiskers, and we wonder at the freaks and caprices of nature, but there is material every year for still more encyclopedic volumes, year books of "Living Marvels." Read the newspapers. There are wild men in the New England states. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, not believing in holidays, because they "too often lead to extravagance," kept the laborers on his "estate" hard at work on September 1. Letters to the New York Times inform us that there are persons, otherwise sane who are endeavoring to color meerschaum pipes.

There was a hermit in the heart of London a few years ago. He lived in a cellar, "the sole vestige of a house in Clare Market, pulled down and forgotten by its owners." Tradesmen of the neighborhood gave him food, and he was lazily happy until a journalist discovered him. The hermit was then interviewed and photographed, and the workhouse authorities pulled him out of his cellar and cleaned him, so that his glory as a hermit faded. Mr. Chris Granger of Brooklyn on August 24 ate 39 lobsters weighing from a pound to a pound and a quarter. Not long ago he ate a 15-pound bluefish, six green peppers, nine potatoes, two loaves of bread at a sitting, and, heeding not physicians who advise against drink at table, gaily put down 10 bottles of beer. Truly, this is a little world of great wonders.

Go back a few years. Did not John Ruskin deserve a place in an "Encyclopedia of Wonders?" We do not refer to his handling over Mrs. Ruskin to his artistic friend, Mr. Millais; we do not allude to his crusade against railways and factories. When he suffered from any malady, he always asked what would be the worst for him; then he ordered it and ate it. The physicians told him that pepper was dangerous. He scattered it profusely over every dish. An obstinate man, when he was most disobedient, recklessly perverse, he recovered.

Some of us remember the old man who for 40 years had a telescope at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, in New York, Mr. Frederick J. Seybold, known to thousands only as the professor. This learned stargazer invited the public by little placards to see the Man in the Moon or the Mighty Jupiter. He had studied medicine, chemistry, law. He was a profound astronomer and an ingenious inventor. He was a member of the Grand army. Why did he become a street astronomer? No one knows, and when he died a few days ago in a hospital at Hoboken, all that could be said of him was that he died chiefly from starvation. Living on the canal barge on the Hudson, he had burned all his papers.

Did Edward Harrigan have him in mind when he sketched the part of the street astronomer in "Squatter Sovereignty?" It was not one of Harrigan's best parts; yet the performance was amusing.—Philip Hale in Boston Herald.

Co-operation Among Animals.

Co-operation is almost universal in the animal world. Wolves often hunt in relays or in couples. When attacked, cattle and horses form a circle. Beavers always work in companies when building their dams.

A Failure.

First Small Boy—Is your sister any good at playing ball?

Second Small Boy—Naw. She can't throw anything but a fit, or catch anything but a bean.

It's Nature.

"Isn't it dreadful that the English suffragettes commit so much arson?"

"Yes, indeed; it is a burning shame."

There are some men who admit they are not lazy, but at the same time we observe there are those who believe that it is not conducive to good health to work between meals.

Two Russian aviators have been added to the death roll. And still others rush to fill up the gaps in this perilous work of subduing the air.

And we have come to learn from observation that every woman likes to have a few friends who can't afford to dress as well as she can.

"The inventor of the harem skirt is coming to the United States." Has anybody notified the immigration officials?

Even though man can now fly 142 miles an hour, what will it profit him when they are late at the theater.

The Chinese are beginning to find out that it takes more than a haircut to make a republic.

The verdict of the German savants is that the divining rod is alles recht.



The Smallest Shop Best Lighted

will do more business than a large store poorly lighted. The new G.E. MAZDA Economy Diffusers make it possible to flood small business places with electric light at a very small cost. The light from these new lamps is so brilliant, and is so perfectly diffused that often only one cluster is needed. The turn-down switch gives just the degree of light desired. You will be interested in the terms we can offer you on these lights. Ask about them.

Valley Light & Power Co.
Maumee Perryburg

USES PECULIAR TOOLS

PHILADELPHIA DENTIST ALSO HAS UNIQUE PRACTICE.

Called Upon to Alleviate Pangs of Toothache Among Denizens of the "Zoo." He Is Not Envious by the Profession.

"Tom Manley, dentist. Office, Philadelphia Zoo. Teeth extracted from elephants, giraffes and boa constrictors; rhinoceros horns removed; wild hog tusks filed."

This card is inserted without charge, says the North American. In the first place, Manley holds no degree of doctor of dental surgery, so the zoo is violating no professional ethics in disclosing his methods. In the second place, he will probably get no trade boost from his advertisement. One peep into his office and laboratory, where forceps are two feet long and as wicked looking as a guillotine, would be sufficient to frighten away the biggest bravest iron-jawed patient in Christendom.

No shiny looking knives and drills in Manley's kit. When he tackles an aching tooth he arms himself with a saw, a chisel, a hammer and plenty of rope. You have to see the two-foot forceps to understand the meaning of the rope. You have to see Manley, who isn't really a dentist, but head keeper at the zoo, at work on a three-pound tooth to understand the meaning of everything.

The other day the zoo's big boa constrictor got the toothache. Manley decided the tooth would have to come out. One of his assistants threw a hood over the snake's head, and ten men pounced on the reptile's body.

The big boa squirmed and wriggled. Its tongue shot out and in like lightning and the snake hissed and spat. The assistants tightened their grip, and Manley entered the snake's cage, his hands covered with a pair of thick leather gloves. Manley had no way of knowing which tooth ached, and he intended to take no chances. So he took a long piece of steel and began tapping all the teeth in the snake's mouth.

It didn't take long to find the sensitive tooth. Manley placed a piece of burlap bag over the tooth and gave the bag a long pull. The tooth came out and another one with it.

After the snake was placed back in its glass cage Manley, well satisfied with his work, told about some other big operations he had performed.

"Some time ago a hippopotamus broke a tooth," he said, "and we decided to take out the piece that remained in the animal's mouth. We threw the big ropes about the hippo and dragged it to the bars of the cage. There we pried open the animal's mouth and went to work with a pair of our long forceps, like you see there on the wall."

"Those forceps are strong enough to pull a railroad spike, but we had to take three grips on that tooth before we could remove it. The piece weighed three pounds. That big hippo was so all-fired mad when we had the tooth out, that he charged again and again against the cage bars with such force that several of them were loosened and bent."

"Come out some time and watch us tackle a giraffe with a ladder. It's like fighting a third-story fire."

"How do you handle an alligator?" he was asked.

"Excuse me," said Manley. "That's one animal I don't care to try."

WHEN ACCIDENTS BRING LUCK

What Seemed at First to Be Misfortune Turned Out to Be Cause of Prosperity.

"What looked like an accident that would put me completely out of business was instead the cause of my present prosperity," said a man who makes a business of taking people out to the fishing grounds.

"When I started business three years ago I had just enough capital to buy a second-hand motor boat, which was rated to carry sixty passengers."

"On the first day I took a party of fishermen out the spring on the intake of my carburetor broke when the boat was between Coney Island Point and Monument Light. For an hour the boat drifted and my passengers cursed."

"As every boatman knows, the Shrewsbury river forms new sandbars every winter, and although I had not been up the Shrewsbury that season I took a chance. Just at the entrance to the channel the boat poked her nose upon a sandbar, and as the tide was on the ebb she stayed there."

"Swearing like a pirate I reversed the engine, but it was no use. By that time practically all of my sixty passengers were vowing they would never take another trip on my boat and they threatened to warn their friends."

"An old German who sat in the stern and who could not speak English did not realize that the boat was aground, but thought he had reached the fishing grounds. Very calmly he baited his hooks and threw the line over."

"Hardly had the line struck bottom when the old man began to haul in vigorously. He landed a big, fat fluke on the deck. In a moment every man had a line overboard. Such fishing you never saw. The men got fluke just as fast as they could pull them in."

"I have been a seaman a good many years and I understood what had happened. The Shrewsbury is famous for fluke and these fish will always go where the bottom is being dug up. There's no better place for fluke fishing than behind a boat that is dredging for oysters or clams. The reversing of the propeller of my boat was, of course, tearing up the bottom and the fluke were coming from all directions."

"I just thanked my stars and kept the engine reversed. After a couple of hours the tide turned and lifted us off the bar, but by that time every one had a mess of fluke and all were happy. The fishermen took it for granted that I had run the boat aground at that spot and had then kept the engine going so as to give them a day's fishing and make up for the time lost previously. They advertised me liberally among their friends and I've been busy ever since."

Not Like Her Visitors.

The perfect baby had reached the age when he could coo, an accomplishment in which he indulged himself most of the time when not otherwise engaged. "He is the most welcome visitor I ever had," said the mother, proudly. "He just lies and talks to me by the hour." "Isn't that nice," replied the caller. "So unlike most visitors—they just talk and lie to you by the hour."

Somebody Was Glad.

"And so this is the end," said the hero, as he bent over the form of the dying heroine, while the orchestra played soft, sad music.

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed a pathetic voice from the gallery.